

Book News.

A new book by Alice Hegar Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has been published by the Century company. It carries the simple title "Mr. Opp."

There are really two Mr. Opp—one, "the aggressive Mr. Opp" of the gorgeous raiment and the seal ring, the important man of business, the ambitious financier; the other, "the insignificant Mr. Opp," he of the shirt sleeves and the wilted pompadour, the delicate, sensitive, futile Mr. Opp who was incapable of everything but laying down his life for the sake of another.

He is a pathetically pretentious and grotesque figure; and his Cove City neighbors—and the reader—begin by laughing at him. But as the story carries him on his patient, brave, unselfish way, talking, always talking, fighting against heavy odds, putting aside ambition and love for the sake of a little, half-witted sister, his days one uncomplaining surrender of self and self's natural hopes and longings to the comforting and helping of those who have need, neighbor and reader come to honest respect and hearty admiration for Mr. Opp.

It is a sunny book, whimsically humorous, whimsically pathetic; and the unusual heart interest of the tale makes tender appeal to every heart. It is decidedly Mrs. Rice's best work—one thinks of Dickens as one reads—and through all the pages smiles and tears lie close together. Mr. Opp is worth knowing—for "there was that in the man—egotism, courage, whatever it was—that would never recognize defeat; that quality that wins out of a life of losing the final victory."

A second edition of J. J. Bell's book, "Oh! Christina," has been issued by the Fleming H. Revell company. This little volume was especially welcome to those who read "Wee MacGregor" of which it is the sequel. Mr. Bell's career commenced at Glasgow university, and he afterwards became editor of the University Magazine. In 1888 he joined the staff of Scott's Pictorial as assistant editor, and during this and the year following his two first books were published—"The New Noah's Ark" and "Jack of All Trades"—both volumes consisting of very clever jingling rhymes for children. Later followed "Wee MacGregor," last year "Thou Poole" and a few weeks ago with "Whither Thou Goest," which has already reached the third edition.



The title of the new book by the Williamsons, just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is "Set in Silver." The name suddenly came to the authors one day as a description of England. They had got out of their automobile to have a picnic lunch on a down overlooking Portsmouth. The wonderful beauty of the view led one of them to quote to the other from "Richard III" about "This precious stone, set in the silver sea."

Maximilian Foster, the author of that charming novel of romantic mystery in present-day New York, recently published under the quaint title, "Corrie Who?" has had his first play, "The Whirlpool," produced. The opening night was April 26, and the place of the first presentation was Washington.

Bliss Carman, author of "Songs from Vagabondia," "More Songs from Vagabondia," and "Last Songs from Vagabondia," has accepted an invitation from the program committee of the Vermont Lake Champlain tercentenary commission to write the memorial poem for the public exercises for "Burlington Day," which will be held at Burlington on July 8.

Selections from the verses of the late Arthur Upson, whose death by drowning last August removed one of the most promising of American poets, were presented in the Libelot for March. Mr. Upson's poems, including his "Ode to an Ox-ford Garden," "The City," and the romantic drama in blank verse, "The Tides of Spring," which Small, Maynard & Co. brought out shortly before his death, have gained a remarkably enthusiastic following among Americans who read poetry. The Upson memorial committee announces "The Complete Poems of Arthur Upson" in two volumes.

Camille Flammarion, whose study of "Mysterious Psychic Forces," as translated into English and published in this country, set the Anglo-Saxon world agog, has just started Paris by showing that the earth has heaving such as the ocean, eight inches being the extent of the rise and fall of terra firma in every 24 hours. Critics point out that physicists and astronomers have known the fact for a long time, and that, if there is anything new about Flammarion's discovery, it is the statement of the amount of oscillation, which hitherto has baffled experimenters to determine. Flammarion ascribes the discovery to Hecker, the German astronomer.

The Road to Oz, by L. Frank Baum. The new Baum book for 1909 will be unique in many ways in point of manufacture, at the same time coming up to the high standard set by Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz, Ozma of Oz, etc. There will be no humorous illustrations by John R. Neill and each chapter has a special pictorial heading. The Reilly & Briston Company of Chicago are the publishers.

The leading article in the Outing Magazine for May is entitled "The Sport of Flying," by Maximilian Foster. The article is a clear explanation of mechanical wrinkles which have resulted in man's practical conquest of the air. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article on "Malaria" will be read with interest by everybody. Dillon Wallace continues his fascinating story of travel in Mexico in the feature entitled "The Peon and The Land." Other articles are: "The Battle With the Bugs" by E. P. Powell, a timely article on farming; "The Men Who Operate the Railroads," by Edward Hungerford; and Miss Agnes C. Laut's department, "Our National Heritage."

The short stories in the magazine are strong and worth while, and are as follows: "Shanahalee," by Clarence E. Mulford; "Constable Smythe, N. W. M.," by Ralph D. Keeler, a story of the northwest mounted police; and "Dad Govan," by C. L. Edholm, a story of the Arizona desert.

A new and revised edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. Since the appearance of the first edition in 1898, Lee's Shakespeare has been the recognized authority for the poet's career and private history. The new edition embodies all that has been added to our knowledge by the labors of Shakespeare scholars in the years which have intervened. To all students and lovers of the poet and his works, Mr. Lee's work is invaluable. Presenting as it does all the known facts of his life within a brief compass, it is both readable biography and an indispensable reference work. The new edition merely increases and emphasizes the usefulness of a book long recognized as the standard in its field.

The Henry Altemus Company has just published a new book by James H. Collins. It is "Human Nature in Selling Goods" and is the reminiscence of a traveling man.

Doubleday, Page & Company have just published a book of wide practical value entitled "Fireside Cooking," by Margaret J. Mitchell. The book contains clear and complete instructions how to cook food in the inexpensive fireless cooker, together with a large number of recipes that have been tested. The fireless cooker, of course, saves much in time and labor and does away with many inconveniences and discomforts. Miss Mitchell has aimed to make her book a complete and workable guide. The principle of fireless cooking is that of the hay-box. Food brought to the boiling point can be put in the box and left to cook itself. When you take it out it's

"done." "Fireless Cooking" tells you, too, how long different things are to be left in the box.

Writing from Rome to a friend in America, Rudyard Kipling says that the Wrights are ahead of his story "With the Night Mail," the date of which is 2000 A. D. Mr. Kipling, by the way, wrote supplementary matter for this story in the way of Aerial Regulations, Answers to Correspondents, Book Reviews, and Advertisements supposedly taken from a magazine of the same future date. But already the London Times has published twice a full page of actual advertisements of Dirigible and Flying Machines.

The Century Co. will publish in May a book announced as decidedly out of the usual—"Box Furniture—How to Make 100 Useful Articles for the Home," by Louise Brigham, who has herself made the articles she describes. The book is to be lavishly illustrated with pictures by Edward H. Ascherman from designs by the author.

The Century Co. is to issue a pocket edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book," the cover in flexible red leather.

MR. BOWSER'S STORY.

He Tells How Mrs. Bowser Cleaned House.

One of the reasons, and the principal one, why Mrs. Bowser and I have so many little disagreements that find their way into the newspapers is because she doesn't size me up right. She looks upon me as an old dozer; she insists that I'm eccentric; she claims that I'm not an observing man; she says that I'm too impulsive. In all this Mrs. Bowser is wrong—radically wrong. There isn't a more level-headed man in the state than I am. The trouble is all with Mrs. Bowser.

When I came home to dinner the other evening I had no sooner entered the hall than I observed certain signs. I don't say that nine out of ten husbands wouldn't have noticed them, but I do say that I was on to them bigger'n a house in less'n a minute. They were signs that house-cleaning was at hand. I had been expecting them for a week. I wasn't such an idiot as not to know that house-cleaning follows the advent of spring.

If Mrs. Bowser were writing this story she'd say that I hadn't the slightest suspicion, even when I bumped against a stepladder and found the hat-rack moved to a new place, but you take my word for it. Not a word did I say, however. That's the impulsive man I am—not a word. She hurried me down to dinner and began to talk about a visit to her mother and I had to smile to myself. She didn't think I noticed the absence of some of the pictures and the window curtains, but I was right there with both eyes, only I said nothing. I just waited for her little game to develop itself. In about a quarter of an hour she made an excuse to pass into the kitchen, and I heard the cook ask her in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you think he suspects anything, mum?"

"No a thing—not a blessed thing," replied Mrs. Bowser.

When we finished dinner and went up to the sitting room I saw more signs, but still I said nothing. Mrs. Bowser would have it, if she were writing this, that I stomped and stormed around and shouted "Woman!" at her, but thank Heaven, it's my turn at last. I was reading and smoking when I heard her hissing around uncleanly, and pretty soon she softly said:



ALSO SAW THE SUN RISE.

"Spring has come for sure, Mr. Bowser, but I do not think I shall clean house."

"No, I wouldn't."

"We had the carpets up last fall, you know."

"Yes, dear."

"You won't mind if I let the cleaning go, will you?"

"Not at all. In fact, I think that the more sensible plan."

"I am glad you agree with me."

I looked over the edge of my pa-

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per and saw her smiling to herself. She just thought she had Bowser on a string, and I let her continue to think so. I want you to take notice however, how deceptive women are. I knew her little game. She didn't want me to take a day or two off to move bedsteads and bureaus and rip up and beat carpets. I have always done it before, and she has always contended that I brought about calamities. That's Mrs. Bowser. If a bedstead tumbled me down in moving it, or a bureau followed me down stairs, she called it a calamity.

When we were ready to retire for the night Mrs. Bowser innocently inquired if I had seen the sun rise this spring. I replied in the negative, and she suggested that I get up two hours earlier than usual to witness the performance. I expressed myself as delighted. She wanted to work me out of the house two hours sooner, in order to make a long day of it. Plain as the nose on your face, and yet I never let on that I saw it. I was routed out at daylight, and saw the milk-wagons. Also saw the sun rise. Very interesting. He rose as easily as if he had been used to it all his life.

Had a scratch breakfast.

All of Mrs. Bowser's talk was far, far away from house cleaning.

So was mine. She talked about the Italian earthquake, and I about Roosevelt in Africa.

She was all in a flutter as to how she could work me out of the house, but I solved the problem by saying that I would talk to the office and change and smoke my morning cigar on the way. As she closed the front door on my heels she seemed to be a very happy woman. All this, and yet she has said in the papers that I was a bulldozer!

I hadn't been out of the house ten minutes when carpets were being ripped up and run into the back yard for beating. During this rush Mrs. Bowser ran a tack into my foot and another into her thumb, but I did not mention it in a revengeful spirit. If it had been me she would have had a deal to say about my swearing, but I wasn't there. In using the stepladder to take down pictures Mrs. Bowser took a spread-eagle fly and landed on the head of the cook and the cook her down with her. On each and every occasion when I have fallen from the step-ladder Mrs. Bowser has hushed me up so that the neighbors shouldn't hear, but she had to hush herself this time. I don't chuckle over it. She is a very nice woman, and she couldn't swear to get even.

While waiting for the colored man to come to beat the carpets Mrs. Bowser and the cook started in to move the dining room sideboard ten feet. Had I been there that piece of furniture would have gone a-kiting with a whoop. As it was, the pair managed to tip it over and break thirty dollars' worth of glassware and crockery.

They then tackled the big brass bed in the spare room. There wasn't the slightest reason why it should be moved, but if I had been there it would have come down as lightly as a feather and within two minutes. I do not upon taking down bedsteads. As it was the head-piece fell on Mrs. Bowser and the foot-piece on the cook, and when they recovered consciousness spring had advanced by twenty rods. I do not smile as I write of this. I don't chuckle, and I laid there and talked in six different languages, while poor Mrs. Bowser could only talk in one.

When noon came the colored carpet-beater had not yet appeared. Had I been there the carpets would have been ready at 10 o'clock. While waiting for him Mrs. Bowser and the cook decided to move the dresser out of my room and kill a few moths nesting behind it. Lord, but how I do love to move dressers! I take them by the scruff and slack and away they go like a boy on roller skates. Mrs. Bowser and the cook weren't two minutes standing the dresser on its head and smashing the glass and wrenching the drawers. Had I done

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